

Good Morning 670

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sea Story for C.P.O. James Martin



Here's a family party and how do you think they are looking at Portsmouth, Chief Petty Officer Jimmy?

HERE is a glimpse of the folks at home, for Chief Petty Officer James Martin, of 75, Queen's-road, Portsmouth. Dad is planting a few shallots which he hopes to enjoy later on—if the cats leave them alone!

Mother is knitting herself a jumper, and your sister Margaret—in a brief spell from her nursing duties at St. Mary's Hospital—is reading all the tit-bits in the local "News."

Sorry we couldn't get your other two sisters in the picture as well. Molly now, a petty officer in the "Wrens," was expected home when our photo-

grapher called, but unfortunately she did not arrive.

Later, when our reporter met Mr. and Mrs. Martin, he found that Mary had turned up from Hereford on a nine days' leave from the W.A.A.F.'s.

Your Dad tells us that he put in nearly 27 years in the Service, and went through the last war.

So we can understand your own liking for the sea, "Pincher," especially as you were an old Greenwich school boy.

Incidentally, we think your sister Mary is rather sorry she didn't follow the family tradition by also joining the naval service.

She says she hasn't heard from you lately, but here's her message: "Tell him I'm still sticking it out and trying to smile."

The right spirit's there, at any rate! And Mary told us you would understand.

Dad added: "Wish him all the best from me, and say we hope he will get home safe again."

And Mrs. Martin said: "My wish is the same, and tell him when he sees the photograph we hope he will find us all looking just the same as when he left home."

So there you are, "Pincher." That's just how we found things at Queen's-road.

And we are glad to have done our part in providing a link up with the old home.

LOVE AND HATE FLAMED INTO RED-HOT TRIANGLE

STUART MARTIN
concludes his report
of the Ruth Snyder
murder case in the
series "Crime in
America"

THE keynote of the Snyder murder, as may have been guessed, was the ordinary triangle. The driving force was Ruth Snyder. Henry Judd Gray, the little corset salesman, was her paramour. But there were aspects of the triangle that lifted it above ordinary sordid crime.

It was proved beyond a doubt that Alfred Snyder was beaten unconscious with the sash-weight, then strangled with picture wire as he lay asleep in his home in Queen's County, New York. He probably never knew who attacked him.

Motive? A double-barrelled one. First, to let the two guilty parties live together; second, to get Snyder's life insurance to make them comfortable in worldly goods. Love, jealousy and hate flared up during the long trial. It was a red-hot triangle.

Much was written about the Granite Woman, and about her "tool," Gray. It became almost hysterical, for the details the newspapers gave were lurid; but true all the same.

Gray had left his wife and daughter to tie up with Ruth Snyder; but I don't think he ever meant murder—not until Ruth planned it and egged him on. If he was to have her, he must help her to get rid of Snyder. That was the gist of it. So he helped her.

There wasn't much chance for either of them. They were scheduled to ride the lightning at 11 o'clock on January 12th, 1928.

A curious sidelight was that for weeks before the execution stories were going around to the effect that Bob Elliott, the executioner, was horrified at the idea of putting a woman to death, and had applied to Governor Smith to spare her.

Elliott told me himself that there wasn't an atom of truth in these rumours and declarations. But, on the strength of them, he got dozens of letters from strangers asking for permission to do the job in his place. Many of these letters were from women. And practically all the letters were antagonistic to Ruth.

One woman wrote—I saw her letter—that "the chair is just what she should get, and I'd be more than glad to help you. I could execute Ruth Snyder with a good heart."

But there were other letters, too. Several threatened Elliott with death if he threw the switch against Ruth. He was told his family would suffer, that he himself would "get it." I'll say this for Bob Elliott—he never even turned a single letter over to the cops.

Now the death chamber in Sing Sing didn't have room for more than about 30 witnesses of the scene. Warden Lawes got 1,500 applications. Among that number were 125 requests from American newspapers. I mention this to let you see how the nation was stirred. Drama! It was a-plenty.

Early afternoon saw the crowds begin to assemble by the prison entrance. Hundreds of automobiles were parked close by the gates of the "big house." It was not unlike election night as the evening wore on.

Inside the death chamber Bob Elliott was busy attending to the electrodes when a guard came and asked him if he thought Ruth's hair should be cut. She had been busy for weeks combing it so that

she should look her best, but it had grown thin in the months of her gaol life. Bob said he'd manage without hair-cutting.

How had she been taking it? At first she was haughty, then she lost her aloofness and became subdued, and finally she was just scared stiff. So said the matron.

We gathered in the seats before the chair—officials, newspapermen, witnesses. (According to law there must be witnesses in America to an execution.) The clock showed 10.45. There wasn't a word in the chamber. Just silence.

The clock showed 11 p.m. We who were in the front bench saw her first as she came to her doom. She was wearing a brown smock over a black knee-deep cotton shirt. The clock showed 11.1 as she came into sight.

The Granite Woman! I remember a newspaperman nudged me to move a bit off so he could get a view. I slid up maybe a few inches, but it wasn't the Ruth Snyder in the D. A.'s office who shuffled along beside the priest. Oh, no, it wasn't.

Her blonde hair was combed, her face was white, and although she made an attempt

he never looked up once. And I remembered that he had told me not long before that he was opposed to capital punishment. So was I. And yet... and yet... there she was, the murderess!

Then back to Lawes. He stood like a statue. Statue-still, eyes down.

A swift scurry of feet. The matrons were at their job. They had her in the chair. Guards knelt and adjusted the straps—tore down a stocking, snapped the body belt into position, fastened the arms.

The condemned woman was shaking still. Her voice rose in a screech. "Jesus, have mercy! Jesus, have mercy!"

Bob Elliott touched her head, parting the hair at the back so to get the electrode on the scalp.

Down went the mask over her face. Her scream came again, like an animal unutterably frightened.

"Father forgive them..." she didn't know what she was saying now... and Elliott stepped to the switch and threw it.

Silence now. Dead silence indeed, save for the usual spluttering that marks the current coursing through.

The newspaperman who had asked me to move up raised his hand... and plunged it into his pocket, then slumped back on the bench. There wasn't a face among all the witnesses that wasn't deathly white.

And Warden Lawes still had his eyes glued to the floor.

Elliott let the current run for two minutes. It was the longest two minutes I ever sat through. Two minutes in which the fluttering wings of Death flapped in that chamber. You could almost hear them.

The surgeon (Dr. Sweet—what a name for the job!) stepped forward with his stethoscope, stooped, listened—then signed. They took her body away, wheeling it into the autopsy room. And that was the end of Ruth Snyder.

Next came Henry Judd Gray, fellow-murderer. In ordinary life he wore thick glasses, horn-rimmed. I saw him in court at his trial. Now he came to his death.

He came without his glasses, without his coat. He was wearing grey slacks and a white shirt. He came quickly, firmly. The priest did not need to say much. Nobody needed to help Henry Judd Gray. I got the idea that he wanted it over

quickly. He had his wish, if that was it.

He sat down in the chair, prayed in silence for maybe half a minute. Then looked straight at us who were looking at him.

Not a sign of whimpering was in his small body. He looked straight ahead while the straps were adjusted. He gave no trouble. I'll say this for him; he went gamely. He rode the lightning without a murmur.

And two minutes later they carried him out.

I think some of us were sorry for that little runt, but whether he was sorry for himself is more than I could guess. He never showed it, anyway.

So out into the world and the telephone and long descriptions to the sheet for which I was working. Detailed description too. A streamer headline, Big type. Sob stuff. Make the hearts of the subscribers melt from New York to the Golden Gates.

Ruth Snyder had been the first woman put to death in Sing Sing since 1899. She had also been the first woman Bob Elliott had sent into eternity. So I told it all, from his angle as well as hers.

And what do you think? Out comes a morning paper with a photograph of Ruth in her death agony!

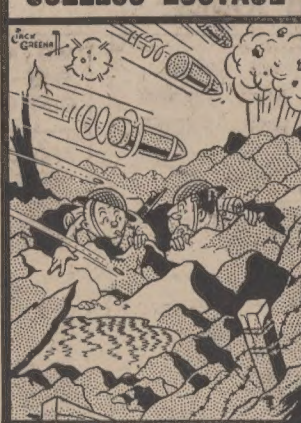
A beat! A real photo! There she was in that ghastly picture just as she had slumped at the touch of the current. No fake there!

I handed it out to the photographer, for there was a strict rule that no pictures were to be taken. And then I remembered that little squirt who had asked me to move up the bench! I trailed him. Sure it was him. He had had a miniature camera strapped to his left ankle, concealed by his wide slacks. The camera was manipulated by a plunger in his trouser pocket! The little squirt.

What annoyed me was that he had broken faith with Warden Lawes and the rules. I saw trouble. There was. For after that everybody who was a witness to an execution was searched before going to the death chamber; and more, the prison officials erected a canvas screen right in front of the front bench for future occasions.

It was a horrible picture. But it was a good one. Oh, yes a beat! But it broke the confidence of the officials. The little squirt. Damn it... but it was a beat for all that.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey! And Ma used to say, 'Whatever the circumstances, hold your head high!'"

to keep her chin up, in the literal sense, it wouldn't stay up. I tell you that her face shook with fear.

Shuffle, Shuffle, Shuffle, she came, a little old woman who had aged in months. The voice of the priest intoned the prayer. She stumbled, faltered, spoke words after his, but I am sure she did not know what she was saying. Mumble, mumble, mumble. And shaking jaws.

She jerked up her head with a supreme effort—and saw the chair. Something like a moan escaped her; she staggered and would have fallen but for a guard. A matron grabbed her arm and aided her towards the seat of death. And then she found her voice. It came in a kind of scream.

"Jesus have mercy on me, I have sinned."

She was sobbing now. Bitter, bitter sobs, that made her frame tremble. Her hands up to her face, then dropping to her sides, then fluttering helplessly.

I glanced at Warden Lawes—he who decided when and how prisoners were to die. He was standing near the door. His eyes were fixed on the flooring.

No More Elbow Cramp

IT may not be very long before you will be saved from the weary labour of lifting your tankard from the bar-counter. You all know how tired you get towards the end of the evening—at the "local" through heaving a pint-pot full of beer up to mouth level—some chaps get cramp in the elbow through it.

You will still have to do the lifting, but when tankards are made from magnesium, as is forecast by an American scientist, Doctor Willard Dow, it will be easy work. He states that a beer pot weighs about the same (empty) as an inflated toy balloon.

Doctor Willard told a Committee of the U.S.A. Senate the

other day that extracting magnesium from sea water is a commercial proposition, and that manufacturers will find it possible to make many utensils and implements from it, with an enormous saving in weight.

It is likely, he said, that we shall have magnesium wheelbarrows and magnesium lawnmowers, as well as magnesium kitchen effects. So those of you who ran away to sea to escape mowing the lawn will soon be able to return, all forgiven.

About 9,000,000 pounds of magnesium can be extracted from a cubic mile of sea—and the operation brings in several by-products, not the least of which is 18-carat gold. D. N. K. B.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.



So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"

c/o Dept. of C. N. I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

I HAVE got an alarming confession to make. I am haunted by a Ghost.

If you were to guess for a hundred years you would never guess what my ghost is. I shall make you laugh to begin with—and afterward I shall make your flesh creep.

My Ghost is the ghost of a Bedroom Candlestick.

Yes, a bedroom candlestick and candle, or a flat candlestick and candle—put it which way you like—that is what haunts me. I wish it was something pleasanter and more out of the common way; a beautiful lady, or a mine of gold and silver, or a cellar of wine and a coach and horses, and such like. But, being what it is, I must take it for what it is, and make the best of it; and I shall thank you kindly if you will help me out by doing the same.

I am not a scholar myself, but I make bold to believe that the haunting of any man with anything under the sun begins with the frightening of him.

At any rate, the haunting of me with a bedroom candlestick

and candle began with the frightening of me with a bedroom candlestick and candle—the frightening of me half out of my life; and, for the time being, the frightening of me altogether out of my wits.

That is not a very pleasant thing to confess before stating the particulars, but perhaps you will be the readier to believe that I am not a downright coward, because you find me bold enough to make a clean breast of it already, to my own great disadvantage so far.

Here are the particulars, as well as I can put them:

I was apprenticed to the sea when I was about as tall as my own walking-stick; and I made good enough use of my time to be fit for a mate's berth at the age of twenty-five years.

By WILKIE COLLINS

Well, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, or nineteen, when there was peace in our part of the world—and not before it was wanted, you will say—there was fighting, of a certain scamp, scrambling kind, going on in that old battlefield which we seafaring men know by the name of the Spanish Main.

The possessions that belonged to the Spaniards in South America had broken into open mutiny and declared for themselves years before. There was plenty of bloodshed between the new Government and the old; but the new had got the best of it, for the most part, under one General Bolivar—a famous man in his time, though he seems to have dropped out of people's memories now.

Englishmen and Irishmen, with a turn for fighting, and nothing particular to do at home, joined the General as volunteers; and some of our merchants here found it a good venture to send supplies across the ocean to the popular side.

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened in a small way to be one.

I was then mate of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the City, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer, out-of-the-way places, as far

from home as possible; and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Bolivar and his volunteers.

Nobody knew anything about our instructions, when we sailed, except the captain; and he didn't half seem to like them. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much each barrel held—I only know we had no other cargo.

The name of the brig was the "Good Intent"—a queer name enough, you will tell me, for a vessel laden with gunpowder and sent to help a revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned, so it was. I mean that for a joke, and I hope you will encourage me by laughing at it.

The "Good Intent" was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight, all told—nothing like as many as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig.

However, we were well and honestly paid our wages, and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and, on this occasion, likewise the chance of being blown up into the bargain.

In consideration of the nature

of our cargo, we were harassed with new regulations, which we didn't at all like, relative to smoking our pipes and lighting our lanterns, and, as usual in such cases, the captain, who made the regulations, preached what he didn't practise.

Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle in his hand when he went below—except the skipper, and he used his light, when he turned in, or when he looked over his charts on the cabin table, just as usual. Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and shaped our course, first, for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies, and, after sighting them, we made for the Leeward Islands next, and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the mast-head hailed the deck and said he saw land.

That land was the coast of South America. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our spars or sails, and not a man of us had been harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often the "Good Intent" made such a voyage as that, I can tell you. I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure of it.

When I reported the same to the skipper, he went below and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. When he came on deck again he altered our course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point on the compass, but that don't matter.

What I do remember is that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and hove the brig to in from four to five fathoms water, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I kept a sharp eye to the drift of the vessel, none of us knowing how the currents ran on that coast.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Filbasket is a kind of strawberry, good marketer, greedy person, dozen eggs, litter of six kittens?
2. What is the smallest province in Canada?
3. Who invented the vacuum flask?
4. If you have a "Dane's skin," what have you got?

5. What name is given to an eagle's nest?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Saver-nake, Dean, Charnwood, Gower, Sherwood.

Answers to Quiz in No. 669

1. Dutch coin (obsolete).
2. Births, Marriages, Deaths.
3. 300,000.
4. James Wolfe, 1759.
5. Cleopatra.
6. 2534 contains a 5; others don't.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 669.

1. Empire.
2. Croydon is not a London Borough; others are.
3. Reader.
4. Easily! The paradox arises from dividing the distance an infinite number of times. The gun won't fire till you've finished—and you'll never finish. But you're not obliged to undertake an infinite division.
5. Coliseum.
6. Bath is not a county town; others are.
7. Second cousin.
8. No. Equal to the effect of the wind on the sail would be the propelling power of the fan itself, working in the opposite direction.
9. Bun.
10. 11 is a prime number; others are not.
11. Southampton.
12. Seven. (There were grandfather and grandmother, their son and daughter, their son's wife and his son and daughter).

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

PROPOSALS were put forward this week for a plan to organise the thousands of shop assistants in Britain and to form one union for all distributive workers.

The scheme for a new amalgamated union was drawn up by the executive councils of the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers and the National Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks.

It is to be submitted to annual delegate meetings of both unions this year, and after acceptance, will be submitted to a ballot vote of members.

Membership of the new union will be approximately 350,000. It will organise all workers employed in wholesale or retail distributive operations and in the catering trades.

Administrative, clerical, supervisory and general commercial employees will also be included.



THE long-neglected actors in film crowd scenes are at last going to be looked after. This is the result of a dispute at Denham Studios on the set of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

An inquiry produced a list of recommendations which Captain Crickett, secretary of the Film Artists' Association, calls "the greatest advance the industry has known."

Film crowd workers will no longer have to pay ten per cent. of their salary to agents. They will be hired by producing companies through a central casting bureau instead of spending weary hours queueing outside agents' offices.

Only those who actually earn their living from crowd scenes and small parts will be permitted to continue in the industry. They will be expected to join the F.A.A.

ALEX CRACK

"Thank goodness we've only got three children."

"But I should love to have a fourth, wouldn't you?"

"Good heavens, no! I read in the paper yesterday that every fourth person in the world is Chinese."

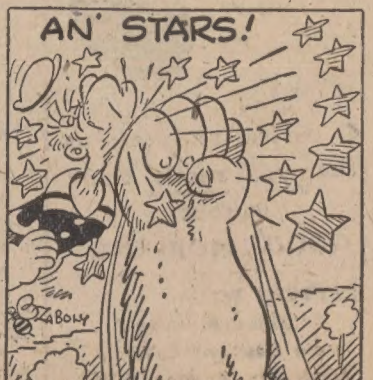
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 609

- 1. Behead loose and do without.
- 2. Insert the same letter nine times and make a sentence of: rightondeeautieslowigblueules.
- 3. What common word has ICI for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Good bookbinders the to the boards with a strong adhesive.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 608

- 1. S-lot.
- 2. Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.
- 3. MemBERShip.
- 4. Peas, apes.

JANE

BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

(Continued from Page 2)

We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor, but he said No, he must first show a light at the foretopmasthead and wait for an answering light on shore. We did wait, and nothing of the sort appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we waited, drifting a little to the westward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before anything happened—and then, instead of seeing the light on shore, we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was an Irishman, and the other was a coffee-coloured native pilot, who jabbered a little English.

The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who showed it to me.

It informed us that the part of the coast we were off was not oversafe for discharging our cargo, seeing that spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old Government) had been taken and shot in the neighbourhood the day before.

We might trust the brig to the native pilot, and he had his instructions to take us to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties, so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the pilot to exercise his lawful authority over the brig.

He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day—his instructions, seemingly, ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to close in with the land again, a little before midnight.

This same pilot was about

as ill-looking a vagabond as ever I saw—a skinny, cowardly, quarrelsome mongrel, who swore at the men in the vilest broken English, till they were everyone of them ready to pitch him overboard.

The skipper kept them quiet, and I kept them quiet, for, the pilot being given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him.

He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that he tried to hustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down, but somehow I did. He picked himself up as quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, and slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon

overboard. He gave me one ugly look and walked aft.

I didn't think much of the look then, but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night, and dropped our anchor by the pilot's directions.

It was pitch-dark, and a dead, airless calm. The skipper was on deck, with two of our best men for watch. The rest were below, except the pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, on the forecastle. It was not my watch till four in the morning.

But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally, and I shook myself down on deck to get my nap there and be ready for anything at a moment's notice. The last I remember was the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions again.

I was awake by a scuffle on the forecastle and a gag in my mouth. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs, and I was bound hand and foot in half a minute.

The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another. I saw the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up the companion, and I heard a seventh splash in the water. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Why I was left, I couldn't think, till I saw the pilot stoop over me with a lantern and look to make sure of who I was. There was a devilish grin on his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, "You were the man who hustled me down and slapped my face, and I mean to play the game of cat and mouse with you in return for it!"

(To be continued)



RUGGLES



SCREEN SHOTS

THRILLER writer Agatha Christie has adapted her own novel, "Appointment with Death," for the stage, to re-open the Piccadilly Theatre. The play presents lively entertainment with unusual settings and an unusual theme, and brings Mary Clare back to the London stage as the woman who keeps the appointment.

She is supported by the blonde Carla Lehmann and a strong cast, who really make the characters live. It should be a strong favourite at leave-time.

"HE sings with a sense of humour," says band-leader Phil Green of Canadian Army Private Paul Carpenter, who is the featured vocalist in the Phil Green programme with the B.B.C. Carpenter, a former announcer with the C.B.C., joins Phil's band each week in putting over half an hour of popular music for all tastes.

PHYLLIS DIXEY'S successful continuous revue, "Peek-a-Boo," at the Whitehall Theatre, is switching to afternoon performances only soon. In the evenings London's strip-tease star will appear in "While Parents Sleep," the comedy which she took on tour a year or so ago.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

S	B	O	W	E	R	R	I	B
C	L	E	F	V	A	C	A	T
R	U	G	S	I	G	H	T	E
A	N	I	M	A	L	R	I	M
P	A	N	E	L	M	O	O	W
R	D	O	Z	E	N	B		
D	I	N	L	I	V	E	R	
E	R	I	C	D	O	C	I	L
P	A	R	A	G	O	N	S	O
O	S	T	L	E	R	C	O	W
T	H	Y	M	A	J	O	R	Y

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9				10	11	
12			13	14			
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26			27	28			
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32	33			34	35		
36				37			
	38					39	

CLUES. ACROSS.—1 Squeeze. 4 Contraction. 9 Was angry. 10 Lake. 12 Rested. 13 Boy's name. 15 Crustacean. 17 Dine. 18 Lovers. 20 Paid up. 22 Young bird. 24 Pale shade. 26 Bind. 27 Fruit. 29 Impost. 30 Brandish. 32 First chance. 35 Disenumber. 36 Presently. 37 Short County. 38 Girl's name. 39 Head-covering.

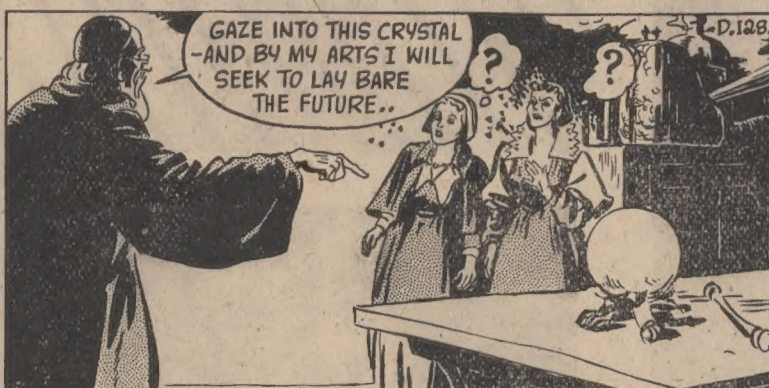
CLUES. DOWN.—2 A distance. 3 Fickle. 4 Raining. 5 Goodbye. 6 Opening. 7 Add. 8 For which. 11 Gladden. 12 Make off. 14 Proverb. 16 Insect. 19 School book. 20 Ruler. 21 Did office work. 23 Shrivelled. 25 Promise. 28 Extol. 29 Air. 31 Official endorsement. 32 Crude. 33 Cheat. 34 Ballad.



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning



The last time we went to Blackpool, half Lancashire was having its Wakes Week there. Certainly Talbot Square looked just a little different from the way it looks in this picture! Anyway, as we spent the whole of our time being thrown out of the pubs for dancing and being thrown out of the ballrooms for drinking, our recollections are hazy.



Fashion Note: Vertical stripes are slimming. Can it be that our little June Haver has her future behind her?



When Suzanne Lenglen first showed the edge of her drawers on the centre court at Wimbledon, the game of tennis finally arrived. Men came armed with opera-glasses. Mamas told their children to turn their heads away. Mrs. Grundy fainted. And this belle of the courts spun round in her grave like a humming-top!



"Who do you think you are—the only living question-mark in captivity? Give me an impromptu answer to that question, and you can take your place beside Professor Joad in the Brains Trust."



"Now, see here, my good man. Your only chance of ever appearing in the Brains Trust is as a long-lost friend of Commander Campbell's. And, even then, your chances are pretty slim—unless you can make steam come out of your head!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Prof. Julian Huxley must be told about this."

